

ROARIN' RICK'S



RARE BIT FIENDS

#2

\$2.95 U.S.

\$3.95 Can



NEIL GAIMAN

WILL HE **SAVE** THE WORLD
OR **DESTROY** IT?

DETAILS
INSIDE!

CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

As I think I mentioned in the first issue, I'm constantly twisting the arms of all my friends and fellow creators to get them to try doing their own dream strips. DAVE SIM was the first to come through with the sparkling "ZELDA CAFE" and a number of others are in the talking stage as I write these words. One of my prime targets all along has been NEIL GAIMAN, who is a decent artist in his own right, as well as being...well, you know...the author of the OTHER dream comic we all love so much. Neil had actually contributed a one pager to the original 24 HOUR COMIC that started all this RARE BIT FIENDS stuff, and I've reproduced it in the letters page from a three year old fax, which I found in the back of a drawer (the original artwork was lost by Neil). Neil was game to attempt some new material, and of course I was egging him on as much as I could without coming across like a DC editor, but the poor guy's schedule sounded so brutal I knew it was going to be a cold day in KING HELL before he ever had the time to actually sit down and draw again. So, during one of our marathon telephone shmooze fests, I suggested that it might be fun if I illustrated one of his dreams, and he liked the idea (strangely enough, even though Neil and I go back to my SWAMP THING days, we have never actually collaborated on anything beyond raw ideas!).

Sure enough, a few weeks later I received a fax with seven or eight of Neil's dreams written out. I roughed them into page layouts and faxed them back and we went over them, panel by panel, on the phone, Neil describing in detail what he remembered from the dreams, and me asking him for visual and emotional associations to flesh things out. The results surprised us both, I think, and will provide readers with a spooky, funny, and pretty darn accurate snapshot of what's going on in the subterranean sinkholes of the mind that has given us some of the best writing comics have ever seen. The good news is that there is enough material to carry over into next issue as well.

As the future CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS, this certainly opens up some interesting new avenues to explore. I know a number of writers who don't draw, and I'll be trying to tempt them to share their nocturnal emissions in the same manner. (Hey, guys! These things write THEMSELVES!) Also, I'm going to start a little research to see if I can turn up actual dream accounts from historical personalities that might make interesting strips. Any sharp eyed readers who run into such material, please, send it on in!



I AM WANDERING
AN OLD SPACESHIP



THE WHOLE PLACE
IS MADE OF TIRED
OLD FLESH.



I PUSH MY WAY
THROUGH IT, SADLY.



THE CONTROL ROOM
IS ANCIENT, ERODED,
OPEN TO THE SKY.

IT IS
ALSO
MALE



I ACTIVATE THE
BACK-UP SYSTEMS
IN A SURGE OF
POWER.

NEW FLESH BEGINS TO APPEAR,
GIRDERS AND ARCHES PUSHING
AND FLAILING THEIR WAY UP
FROM THE GROUND.

A VOICE INFORMS
ME THE NEW SHIP
IS FEMALE.

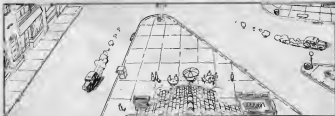
I'M IN A TAXI, TALKING OVER THE INTERCOM WITH A WOMAN I MUST BE IN LOVE WITH.



SHE IS ALSO IN A TAXI, SOMEWHERE.



THE TAXIS GET FURTHER AND FURTHER APART, AND HER VOICE GETS FAINTER.



EVENTUALLY IT CRACKLES AWAY INTO NOTHING.



WAITING FOR A BUS, A CREATURE PUSHES PAST ME.

I SUPPRESS ANY DISGUST, TRY TO FEEL ONLY PITY.

I SO UPSTAIRS ON THE BUS WHERE THE THING IS RECLINING.

IT LOOKS AT ME THROUGH A HOLE IN ITS SHEET.

WAITING FOR A BUS, A CREATURE PUSHED PAST ME.

I SUPPRESS ANY DISGUST, TRY TO FEEL ONLY PITY.

I GO UPSTAIRS ON THE BUS WHERE THE THING IS RECLINING.

IT LOOKS AT ME THROUGH A HOLE IN ITS SHEET.

WAITING FOR A BUS, A CREATURE PUSHES PAST ME.

I SUPPRESS ANY DISGUST, TRY TO FEEL ONLY PITY.

I SO UPSTAIRS ON THE BUS WHERE THE THING IS RECLINING.

IT LOOKS AT ME THROUGH A HOLE IN ITS SHEET.

WAITING FOR A BUS, A CREATURE PUSHES PAST ME.

I SUPPRESS ANY DISGUST, TRY TO FEEL ONLY PITY.

I SO UPSTAIRS ON THE BUS WHERE THE THING IS RECLINING.

IT LOOKS AT ME THROUGH A HOLE IN ITS SHEET.

NOW IT HAS AN OLD HAG'S FACE THAT TELLS ME I OWE IT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER BEING IN ITS DARK BASEMENT DOING SOME KIND OF DEAL

HA HA HA HA HA

I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT. BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS REFERRING TO NEVER CAME OUT.

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.

NOW IT HAS AN OLD HAG'S FACE THAT TELLS ME I OWE IT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER BEING IN ITS DARK BASEMENT DOING SOME KIND OF DEAL

HA HA HA HA HA

I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT. BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS REFERRING TO NEVER CAME OUT.

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.

HOW IT HAS AN OLD HAG'S FACE THAT TELLS ME I OWE IT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER BEING IN IT'S DARK BASEMENT DOING SOME KIND OF DEAL.

NOTICE

I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT. BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS REFERRING TO NEVER CAME OUT.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.

HOW IT HAS AN OLD HAG'S FACE THAT TELLS ME I OWE IT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER BEING IN IT'S DARK BASEMENT DOING SOME KIND OF DEAL.

NOTICE

I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT. BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS REFERRING TO NEVER CAME OUT.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.

HOW IT HAS AN OLD HAG'S FACE THAT TELLS ME I OWE IT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER BEING IN IT'S DARK BASEMENT DOING SOME KIND OF DEAL.

NOTICE

I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT. BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS REFERRING TO NEVER CAME OUT.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.



\$2.95 U.S.

\$3.95 Can.

ROARIN' RICK'S RARE BIT FIENDS

#3



**NEIL'S
BACK!**

AND THIS TIME IT'S
PERSONAL

WE HAD BEEN FILMING
ROCK VIDEOS IN THE
BASEMENT OF A HUGE
HOUSE.

CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS

DREAM: NEIL GAIMAN

ART: RICK VEITCH

THEY GAVE ME A
CROSSBOW BECAUSE
IT WAS DANGEROUS
OUTSIDE.



THE CROWD
CARRIED THE
ROCK STAR
AROUND THE
BASEMENT
ON THEIR
SHOULDERS...

...THEN THREW
HIM INTO THE
LAMP!

I SUGGESTED THIS
TO HIM AS A POSSIBLE
VIDEO.

HE SHOWED ME A ROOM THAT ROSE,
ELEVATOR-LIKE, INTO THE SKY...

There was an airport that went
 as far over the plane landed or
 took off. His wife leaving the
 airport entered the world.



I no longer remember what I was doing there originally. Perhaps I
 was waiting for a plane...



I helped her, when the
 press chased her and told
 her about her.



One day, I saw her on
 an out-head waving
 sideways. I called out,
 but she didn't even know
 I existed.



I followed her into a
 distant part of the
 airport.



She got onto a plane.
 As on her way.



The plane stood up. The
 plane flew away, flying.



I do not know where
 it could have gone.
 I will never forget
 her.

On my desk, the television
 men talk about hatred.
 We have always lived
 in the airport.

